

Verrey's, Aldous Huxley

VERREY'S

HERE, every winter's night at eight,  
Epicurus lies in state,  
Two candles at his head and two  
Candles at his feet. A few  
Choice spirits watch beneath the vault  
Of his dim chapel, where default  
Of music fills the pregnant air  
With subtler requiem and prayer  
Than ever an organ wrought with notes  
Spouted from its tubal throats.  
Black Ethiopia's Holy Child,  
The Cradled Bottle, breathes its mild  
Meek spirit on the ravished nose,  
The palate and the tongue of those  
Who piously partake with me  
Of this funereal agape.

The end